Shower by btamin

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Summary:

Steve grabbed his bar of soap and began to wash the sweat, grime, and come off himself. Billy was doing the same, but told Steve to turn around when he noticed him struggling to reach his back.
“Turn around,” Billy ordered.
“What?”
“I’ll get your back.”

Shower

Author's Note:

> this is a sequel to Post-Shower Stress Relief, but you don't necessarily have to read the first one to make sense of this
> but there's a hand job and ass eating at your disposal, so why wouldn't you?

Coming back from his post-coital bliss, Steve was beginning to realize what had just happened. He jerked off Billy fucking Hargrove in the boys' locker room, and he ate Steve out in return. And it was the most mind-blowing orgasm he'd ever had in his entire life.

"You up for a shower, *Steve?* " Just coming to the realization that Hargrove (or was it Billy? Steve wasn't sure what to call him) was still standing behind him while Steve was bent over the bench ass-fucking-naked, his face flushed. Embarrassed, Steve hurriedly stood up and pulled up his shorts. Turning around, he saw Billy (apparently Steve's mind decided on Billy) staring at him with an eyebrow raised, hot and muscular body covered in come. Fuck, why was he so hot? Steve didn't even like boys.

"I just had my tongue in your ass," Billy said as he lewdly licked Steve's come off his fingers, "and you're concerned about decency?" He snorted. "Go strip and come shower, princess. I can lick the remaining come off you but you're still gonna want to shower." Steve turned red and walked to the lockers without a word.

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"Really?" Billy asked incredulously as Steve walked into the showers. "I just had my *tongue* in your *ass* and you still wrapped a goddamn towel around your waist?"

"Shut up." Steve shot him a look. "It's none of your concern."

Billy sauntered towards Steve and smiled dangerously. "When that towel is coverin' my princess's pretty little prick," he said in a low

voice, “it is absolutely my fucking concern.” Billy snatched the towel from Steve’s waist, threw it into some open locker, and walked back to the hot spray of the showers. Fuck, his voice was hot.

“I’m not *yours,* ” Steve grumbled as he walked towards the showers, feeling self conscious of the towel’s absence. He stood at the opposite side of Billy, but when he glowered at Steve and jerked his head motioning for him to come stand next to him, Steve obediently complied. “And stop calling me princess,” he said turning the shower on. Billy glanced at Steve, scanned his body up and down, and smirked.

“I don’t know why this dumb fucking school calls you King Steve,” he commented. “You’re a princess down to your roots.”

“Don’t call me either of those,” Steve snapped. The hot water soaked his hair and its carefully crafted volume died down. He grabbed his shampoo and began to slowly scrub it into his wet hair.

“Whatever you say, pretty boy,” Billy rolled his eyes, following suit. The two boys showered in silence, scrubbing and rinsing their hair as if they hadn’t brought each other off just moments ago.

Steve grabbed his bar of soap and began to wash the sweat, grime, and come off himself. Billy was doing the same, but told Steve to turn around when he noticed him struggling to reach his back.

“Turn around,” Billy ordered.

“What?”

“I’ll get your back,” he explained in a strangely soft voice. Steve had fought inexplicable supernatural creatures on more than one occasion but Billy Hargrove being *gentle* was by far the strangest thing he’d ever witnessed. He cautiously handed Billy his bar of soap and turned around.

Without a word, Billy soaped up his hand and began to wash Steve’s back, starting from the neck and moving down. Billy was far more gentle and meticulous than Steve would ever have imagined. He was slow and careful in getting every inch of Steve’s back, rubbing and

massaging every sensitive spot, and Steve did his best from trying to keep his cock from hardening again. It wasn't going well. He kept taking in sharp breaths on multiple occasions to avoid moaning, and Steve could swear Billy was smirking behind him every time he did. Billy was working his way down Steve's back, still unusually gentle, and was soon making soapy circles above his ass.

"Thanks," Steve started, "I think that's en —" Steve cut himself off with a sudden gasp when Billy's hands slipped down to grab his ass.

"I don't think so, pretty boy." Billy leaned in behind Steve, their wet skins touching, to whisper in his ear. "Your pretty fuckin' body's been teasing me this entire time, and you think you're gonna get away that easily?" He rubbed and squeezed Steve's ass, causing him to softly huff in pleasure.

"I haven't been —" Steve tried to protest.

'Yes, you have, princess," Billy cut off. He moved his right fingers in between the cheeks and lightly caressed Steve's asshole. Remembering the sensations of Billy's tongue from moments ago, Steve gave a guttural moan. Fuck, he was already so hard. "That's right. You've been showering next to me with that lewd, pretty body of yours, and you're trying to tell me that you haven't been teasing me?"

"I — mmfh, *fuck* ." Billy gripped Steve's cock and interrupted him again, stroking him at an agonizingly slow pace.

" *Steve,* " Billy hummed. "Tell me." Billy's voice was husky and sexy. It was making Steve's mind go blank; he couldn't think. "Have you been a tease or not?" He rubbed the slit of Steve's cock and made his hips buck for some for friction, but Billy quickly pulled back.

"Jesus, fuck," Steve gasped desperately. "Yes, yes, I've been a fucking tease, so *please* , fuck —" And with that, Billy grasped Steve's cock and pumped firmly. Steve groaned and grabbed the steel column for support. As cliche as it sounded, Billy Hargrove made him weak in the knees.

"That's fuckin' right," Billy laughed. He played with Steve's nipples as

he jerked him off, pinching, rubbing, circling. The soap made everything so slippery and *sensual* . Steve moaned loudly. It was driving Steve crazy.

“I should’ve known you were loud as a whore,” Billy murmured in between rough kisses and bites on the side of Steve’s neck. His neck was going to be purple by the end of this. “You’re my whore, aren’t you, princess?” Billy twisted his wrist and gripped the head of Steve’s cock. His mind went blank.

“Yes, yes,” Steve whined. “I’m your — mmf, fuck — whore, princess, whatever.” Steve didn’t know what the fuck he was saying; he was too busy just *feeling* whatever Billy was doing to him. But it didn’t seem like a bad thing to say.

“Exactly fucking right,” Billy growled. God, fuck, why was Billy’s voice so hot? Steve was close to coming, and his voice was just bringing him closer to orgasm.

Billy’s hand suddenly left Steve’s cock to grab the bar of soap, and Steve whimpered in the sudden loss of sensation. He couldn’t see what Billy was doing behind him, but he could hear him jerking himself and panting lightly. Billy suddenly pushed down on Steve’s back, bending him over further. Steve felt Billy’s hot length slip in between his asscheeks.

“God, Billy,” Steve moaned. Billy gripped Steve’s hips and began to rut in between the flesh of his ass. *This is so fucking erotic,* Steve thought. There was no way he could go back to fucking girls after this; whatever the fuck he was doing right now with Billy Hargrove was better than the best sex he’d ever had. Steve tentatively brought one of his hands down from the steel column and began to slowly stroke himself. He was extremely turned on, and Billy humping him from behind was the hottest thing to ever happen to him, so despite the fact that Steve wanted to last a little longer, it wasn’t long before his toes curled, back arched, and was coming all over his hand and on the steel column.

Billy soon followed him in orgasm, jerking once, twice, before shooting pearly ropes of semen all over Steve’s back. He fell limply on Steve, panting against the back of Steve’s neck, smearing his fresh

come on his chest and on Steve's back. Billy eased his grip on his hips and loosely hung his arms around Steve's lower waist. After a few moments of standing under the cooling spray of water, Steve felt Billy smile on his neck.

"Looks like we'll be needing another shower, won't we, pretty boy?"

Author's Note:

> 'asscheeks' 'flesh of his ass' why does this sound so funny
>
> Please leave kudos and/or comments if you liked this! They make my day and they're what drives me to write more :)
>
> find me at harringroved.tumblr.com